

Mrs. Dora B. Frazier, No. 140 Althea St., Providence, R. I., has been cured of Nervous Prostration by the use of

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills For Pale People.

She says: I suffered for three years and was several times at the point of death. My weight went down to seventy-five pounds. I was flicted with nervousness, dizziness, affocating spells, swelling of limbs, plessness and irregularities. I had a good doctor but he could not help me. The first box of Dr. Wil-liams' Pink Pills did me good and I continued their use until I was cured. I am now perfectly well."

These pills are a specific for all disorders of the nerves from neuralgia to partial paralysis.

Sold by all Druggists.



It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, In-fluenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers every-where. Large bettles 25 cents and 50 cents.

Mapl-Flake

is satisfying and at the same time delicious and healthful.



Don't suffer with sickheadache and don't take headache powders. To cure headache the causo must be removed. Celery King, the tonic-laxative, cures headache. It removes the cause and prevents its return.



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Rev. Lymnn Abbott, D.D., Editor of The Outbook, says: Webster has always been the favor to in our household, and I have seen no rease in to transfer my ellegiance to any of his remedient

FREE,"A Test in Pronunciation," instructive G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass.

THE ONLY WAY



CALENDAR PATE SHEETS, EACH 10 X 15 INCHES

SEND 25 CTS.

Created for You.

believe that the world was created for Oh, baby, with brown eyes and baby with blue,
Oh, baby with gray eyes and baby with black,
It was made and whirled out on eternity's track
To just make a playground all colors and gold. All sapphire, and umber, and green, and I hold That we who are old are permitted to stay Fo help you, and guard you, and watch o'er your play.

For we who are old yesterday were as We were babies with black eyes, and gray eyes, and blue;
We romped in the meadows, and laughed in the sun,
And at night, tired out with our frolic and fun,
We creat to our mother so loving and We crept to our mother so loving and sweet

And she in one hand held our two tiny feet. And one arm held around us, and taught us to pray.

Ah, yes, we were bables like you yesterday!

Our papa stood by us as yours stands by you.

And he stooped, just like this, for a sweet kiss or two;
And his look as he held out his arms wide apart—
His look—why 'twas just like the throb in our heart
When we stand by your mothers and watch while you pray.
We grown-ups were babies like you yestorday! And the Lord lets us stay here, and play here with you.
Because when you're weary we know what to do.

-Houston Post.

Queerness of Marcus Miller

Marcus Miller's mother was dead, but his father was a good man, who always followed the dictates of his conscience.

He believed it to be bad for his son to waste more than a month or two of the year at the little schoolhouse under the hill. Therefore, Marcus Miller reached his fourteenth year without having retarded his growth by overstudy.

His father also believed that the best points in other people's souls are blunted by too much leisure, so he kept him busy. Neither did his parent believe in an unnecessary display of affection, consequently the boy decided that the people who wrote the few articles he had read on the joys of living were liars.

When Marcus Miller was eighteen years old his father died and went into everlasting glory-at least so the minister said-and Marcus shed some bitter tears at the funeral and wished that his father had left a few tender memories behind him rather than a big farm. Then he took up the burden where the old man had left it, and went on getting more money and less happiness as the years went by.

Marcus always hated to hear the minister say: "The days of our years are three score and ten"; it seemed such a long time to live. He often wondered why a wise Providence hadn't cut the limit down to about half. He was thinking about that one evening as he sat on the porch gazing absently at the morning-glory vines that were trembling in the evening breeze. So absorbed in thought was he that he started when the gate-chain rattled and the gate swung open to admit a dusty bicyclist who politely inquired if he could procure a meal in the neighborhood. A sudden longing for a companionship prompted Marcus Miller to invite the man in, and to order his servant to set the

The stranger, who was an amiable fellow and wanted to make himself agreeable, poured into the thirsty ears of Marcus a stream of description that nearly took his breath away. He told him of the seas he had crossed, and the Alps he had climbed, of the cities he had visited and the forests he had explored; and Marcus Miller sat perfectly still, listening with every nerve enraptured as Desdemona must have been when first she saw the glowing pictures painted by the words of Othello.

The stranger stayed until the moon rose over the hill, then rode gayly away. But the world was changed for the man he left behind leaning on the little picket gate. Marcus stood in the moonlight looking down the road, the wander fever throbbing through his veins-the world outside was calling him, he wanted to go, to see, to

He wanted to be rich in memories like the man who had confessed his poverty of worldly goods. And for the first time in his life Marcus Miller realized that a man with money may be a pauper. It was soon after this night that the people began to notice

that Marcus Miller was acting queer. He no longer cared for the village gossip, and talk of farm implements seemed to bore him. Often when he sat in the corner grocery down in the village, he looked out of the door with eyes that seemed to see something a thousand miles away. And one day when an agent came in with big gold-framed chromas he paid three dollars and a half for a pair of companion pieces, the one being the rock coast of almost anywhere, the other a stately ship sailing over a wild, temptestuous sea. And once, when an old friend of his father congratulated him on having such a fine farm, he suddenly sprang to his feet, and bursting out-"I hate being an anchored ship!" threw his clay pipe on the floor and walked out into the night. The next day the doctor called in a casual way-just to look at the prize cows, and incidently suggested to Marcus that he ought to take treatment for his liver.

But Marcus displayed no interest in his suggestion; he was looking down Soon after this Marcus startled the and long skirts.

village by offering his farm for sale or rent-and the prophet at the corner grocery declared that Marcus Miller was going to the bad-certain it was that he was going somewhere. To all questions on the matter, he answered, "I'm going to see the world," in the tone of one who announced the inevitable. And wise heads shook sadly over his folly, and only one pair of kindly eyes held a gleam of symkins, who had in his youth taken in a ten days' excursion to the metropolis, the memory of which had folnotonous life.

Obediah Perkins was sometimes repatch. "I don't know as I blame you, in Hutchinson county. Marcus," he said, "when you get as so much as the good times you

And it was he who helped Marcus friends, the Ulysses of Martinsville ty. departed on his wanderings.

Henceforth society at the corner grocery was never dull. The interest mobile, which was soon speeding in in the probable doings of Marcus the direction of the Hutchinson coun-Miller never waned, and after many months a letter with a foreign stamp came to Obediah Perkins, who hurried proudly over to the grocery store with it, determined that his friends new marriage ceremony was pershould take part in the important cer- formed.—New York World. emony of opening the interesting epistle.

The letter came from England, and in a few sentences Marcus Miller explained that he was just beginning to realize what life meant. The letter was carefully read over by all present, then with the aid of some strips of court plaster they pasted it to the inside of the glass candy case, where for many days it received more attention than is paid to many of the old masterpieces in the gallery of the Louvre. Two years passed, and one spring morning when the blue mists hovered over the greening fields, and Marcus Miller came home.

He got off at the flag station and walked through the wood lot in the direction of his farm. Just before he reached the clearing he sat down on a log and rested his head on his hand.

Obediah Perkins, searching for a stray member of his chicken coop, came slowly through the woods and halted in astonishment a few feet from Marcus.

The sunlight sifting through the branches shone on the wanderer's face and the old man studied it in silence, held speechless by a great peace that shone there, a peace too profound to be disturbed by petty cares and little worries. Marcus Miller had learned the measurements of human life, and Obediah Perkins understood.

The two men greeted each other quietly. "You've got what no one can take from you," said the old man, and Marcus grasped his hand and smiled -the smile of one who has completion in his soul.

That summer he took up the farm ain and the same monotonous round began. But never again was it monotonous to Marcus Miller. He blended what was with what had been and glowed with the fullness of life. He had seen so much of the world that he was contented to sit in his little corner and let the memory of it all pass before him like an eternal panorama, for Marcus Miller had the seeing eye and had become a part of all that he had seen-he had built his soul a lordly pleasure house whereon no man could attach a mortgage,-The Four-Track News.

Zuni Family Life

The little half-civilized children of Zuni so aroused our curiosity that we drove through forty miles of sand and sagebrush, from the railroad at Fort Wingate, to pay them a visit, writes Marie Brace Kimball in St. Nicholas. As the Indians do not provide for travelers, we took our hotel with ustents, beds and food-and camped just outside their village. The village looks like a huge beehive made of clay and stuck fast to the top of a sandy knoll. The hive is filled with a mass of cells-300 single rooms, placed side by side and piled in rows one on top of another.

In each of these rooms lives a Zuni family. There are no inside stairways leading from story to story, but if the boys and girls living in one row wish to pay a visit to a house above them, they must go outdoors and climb a ladder. On the slope between the village and the Zuni river are a number of small vegetable gardens, each one inclosed by a mud wall. Zuni has no inns, no shops, no saloons, not even proper streets, but only narrow alleys that thread their way through the strange town. As we walked through the village, all the world came out to see us. Girls and boys clustered on the roofs or sat on the ovensqueer little cones of mud which seem to grow up out of the house-topswhile fathers, mothers and bables peered out from dark doorways to stare at the visitors. When we had finished our tour of the roofs and alleys, we were hospitably invited indoors; even there the children followed us, and as we glanced up to a hole in the ceiling which served as a window, a girl's laughing face filled the opening. We must have looked of Norfolk, Conn., dislocated his shoulthe long road, thinking long thoughts. strange enough in our hats and gloves der while dancing.

TWICE MARRIED IN AN HOUR.

a Dilemma.

Twice married within an hour-the second time in an automobile-was the romantic termination of the courtship of Christian Silistia, a young business man of Parkston, S. D., and the lady of his choice, who came from Iowa for the purpose of uniting her pathy—they belonged to old man Per- fortunes with those of the young South Dakotan.

Mr. Silistia, after producing a marringe license, met his sweetheart at lowed him through the years, and Scotland, Bon Homme county, where been the one bit of color in his mo- they were promptly wedded by Rev. A. M. Thurston.

When the marriage certificate was minded of that trip when he saw a being prepared it was discovered that crimson poppy waving in his potato the marriage license had been issued

As the state law requires marriage old as me you won't regret anything ceremonies to be performed in the county in which a license is issued, the pair were in a quandry until the clergyman's wife came to their rescue find a good man to rent the farm for by suggesting that they induce Dr. two years. And one day Marcus Seagley, a local physician, to take the packed his new Gladstone bag, and, wedding party in his automobile amid the solemn farewells of his across the border to Hutchinson coun-

The couple, together with the clergyman and physician, got into the autoty line, only a few miles away.

As soon as the party had crossed the border, and while the automobile was spinning over a public highway, a

Novelty in Advertising.

A novel advertising idea was introduced on the Boulevards des Italiens in Paris, the other night, when four gentlemen attired in fawn overcoats and top hats, each jauntily carrying a cane, strolled leisurely along in single file after the manner of tourists. They stopped at every cafe, before the long rows of people seated outside, and bowed gravely, hand on heart. This pressure of the hand touched a button concealed under the coats, and the four hats were simultaneously illuminated with a device advising one to Da. R. H. Kling, i.td., 20 arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa the woods were sweet with arbutus, try someone's liquor. As if this were not sufficient, they snatched off their hats with a sudden gesture, and bowed three times, revealing bald-headed wigs, on which the same appeal was painted in black.



The inventor says this umbrella leaves the hands free. The dotted lines show how it may be shifted according to the direction of the rain.

Came Over Ocean in Washtub.

An aged apple tree stands on the premises of Henry Coleman at Dover Neck, in the hostoric locality of the first permanent settlement of New Hampshire.

Tradition says that the tree came over from England in a washtub. It is not known who brought it, nor in precisely what year it arrived, but in view of the fact that it is on land originally owned by the Hilton family, there is every reason to suppose that it voyaged with the first shipload of settlers, in the spring of 1623, when, according to the earliest record, "the Hiltons set up their stages at Dover," others of the company having remained for a time at the first landing, near the mouth of the Piscataqua river.

Rich Costumes of Savage Women. The women of savage tribes have not infrequently a wardrobe consisting of furs which would be worth from \$5,000 to \$10,000. Grundeman, the explorer, relates how one fair Greenlander wore a dress of sealskin with a hood of that costly fur, the silver fox. The garment was lined with fur of the young scalotter, and there was a fringe of wolverine tails. About \$600 is probably the average worth of the dress of Indian women on the Co-

Killed Two Foxes With One Shot. Newell Hodgkins of Lamoine, Me., recently killed two foxes at one shot while cruising the woods in the vicinity of his home. That two young prowlers were standing crect on their hind legs in a wrestling attitude when discovered and the crafty young hunter lost no time in taking advantage of such a rare opportunity.

lumbia and Fraser rivers.

Away from Smoky Pittsburg. A family in Pittsburg, Pa., has their laundering done in Castine, Me., the expressage costing them \$9 weekly. They intend to have their washing dried as far away from the smoky city as possible.

Danced Too Vigorously. William Jackson, a church organist DINNER WITH THE DUKE.

Speeding Auto Helped Couple Out of Boy of Ten Spent Pleasant Time With Great Soldier.

Never was the Iron Duke more graclous than on that day which the boy Kendall, son of his grace's valet, spent with him, greatly to the lad's surprise. 'We dine at 1 o'clock, sir," the

youth had answered. "And a very good hour," Wellington had replied. "I did so when I was at school. Well, I have ordered an early

So his grace and the boy of 10 sat down alone, much to the alarm of the valet, who thought the end of all things was near. After grace the duke told the lad

that he had ordered several things to be brought, and would help him to each, "For," he added, "I know little boys like to taste all they see." During the meal the duke talked

constantly and always kindly. Dinner ended, his grace shook hands with Kendall and bade him good-bye. "Be a good boy and do your duty.

Now you may go to your father."

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, 188.

LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CORE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my pres ace, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1868. A. W. GLEASON,

gusted, and one night when we noticed the testimonial of a woman who had NOTARY PUBLIC. Hali's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hali's Family Pills for constipation. been cured of similar trouble through the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, he went out

When a woman gets the social ambition bee in her bonnet hubby might as well meekly fold his little hands and prepare for the worst. months, improving steadily in health, and in twenty-two months a child came. I cannot fully express the joy and thankfulness that is in my heart. People are like the weather, a snap or cold snap. Which are you? Our home is a different place now, as we have something to live for, and all the credit is due to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES. Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT falls to cure you in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

A self-made man takes so much pride in telling how he started life on a half-dollar and a country road.

Idquor may weaken the voice, but it strengthens the breath.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. fidren teething, softens the gums, reduces in-ation, allsyspain, cures wind colle. 25c a bottle.

Wise is the wife who has only small wishes to be granted.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago. - MRS. THOS. ROBBINS,

passes it dorsing it.

Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900. When a man takes a joke he often asses it along without properly in-

Aperiect Remedy for Constipa-

lion, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea

Worms, Convulsions, Feverish-

ness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of

Cast Flatetier.

NEW YORK.

Ath months of a

5 Doses - 15 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

TWENTY BUSHELS OF WHEAT TO THE Is the receive Free stead Law Western Cor 1904. TO THE ACRE Is the record on the Free Homestead Lands of Western Canada

Mrs. L. C. Glover, Vice-Pres-

ident Milwaukee, Wis., Business

Woman's Association, is another

one of the million women who

have been restored to health by

using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vege-

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: - I was mar-

ried for several years and no children

blessed my home. The doctor said I had a complication of female troubles and I could not have any children un-

less I could be cured. He tried to cure

me, but after experimenting for sev-eral months, my husband became dis-

and bought a bottle for me. I used

your medicine for three and one-half

pound. Yours very sincerely, Mrs.

L. C. GLOVER, 614 Grove St., Milwankee,

Wis." Vice President, Milwaukee Business Woman's Association. — \$5000

forfeit if original of above letter proving genuine-ness cannot be produced.

table Compound.

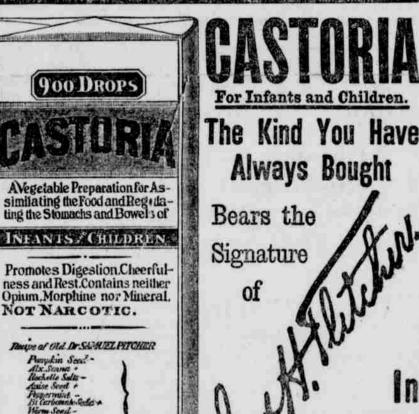
The 150,000 farmers from the United States, who during the past seven years have gone to Canada participate in this prosperity.

The United States will soon become an importer of wheat. Get a free homestead or purchase a farm in Western Canada, and become one of those who will help produce it.

help produce it.

help produce it.

Apply for information to Superintendent of Immigration. Ottawa, Canada, or to authorized Canadian Government Agent—M. V. Melnnes, No. 6, Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Michigan; C. A. Laurier, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. Please say where you saw this advertisement



For Over Thirty Years



W. L. Douglas uses Corona Coltskin in his St.56 shoes. Corona Colt is conceded to be the finest Patent Lenther made. Fast Color Eyelets used exclusively. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brookton, Massachusetts.

MEXICAN Mustang Liniment cures Sprains and Strains.

When answering ads. please mention this paper

Many a woman isn't as blonde as she is peroxidized. W. N. U.-DETROIT-NO. 50-1904

